

The News Scimitar

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DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

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KING COAL

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul," according to the nursery rhyme, and when he was depressed "he called for his fiddlers three." There is no merriment in the modern King Coal, with whom adults are familiar. He is stern, morose, austere and tyrannical, and his subjects are at his mercy. From indications and the rumors of shortage of cars and of strikes among the coal miners the quality of that mercy is going to be strained during the coming winter, and people are going to have trouble in getting coal at all and then at exorbitant prices. The soft coal miners are making demands in which the numeral six figures conspicuously. They want a five-day week, a six-hour day and a sixty per cent advance in wages. This will mean, it is estimated, an increase of from two to three dollars a ton in the price of coal to the consumer, and we may well believe it, since coal has increased from two to three dollars a ton to the consumer above last year's prices, and there has been no strike and no shortening of hours or increase in wages to base it on. The miners claim that the six-hour day will be long enough for the miners to produce all the coal that there is any demand for, and that if their demands are granted the equation will not be preserved because the high cost of living will be more than the increase in wages. Here it may be observed that the high cost of living attacks all wage-earners alike, and only the fortunate few have had salary increases. Those working for salaries receive only what they received before the high prices came. If, like the miners, they had the power to compel an increase, no doubt they would have done so. The only hope for them is in changing jobs, and this is not always agreeable. If the miners are granted the increase demanded the price of coal will surely advance, and if they go on strike in large numbers production will be arrested and panic prices will prevail. In either case this promises to be the winter of our discontent, and there will be much suffering. If industries close down for lack of fuel workers will be thrown into idleness and wages will stop, which will mean suffering to many. The home people will suffer most with cold, the women and children. Those who work can adventure forth, and outdoor workers can keep warm by exercise, while indoor workers must be provided with suitable heat or they cannot work. The fuel question is one that affects directly almost everyone, and a stoppage of coal production will be a greater catastrophe to the country than the steel strike, great as that was.

At this conjunction and in this dilemma it behooves us to look back to the ways of the fathers who had no coal, and who were not disturbed by rumors of coal strikes. They burned wood, and we may have to do the same, to tide us over. Fortunately there is an abundance of wood contiguous to most towns and cities throughout this section.

A good axman can cut from four to six cords of wood in a day, and on good roads a cord of wood can be hauled by an ordinary team—a pair of horses or mules—and in this way people can keep warm. Those who can use wood ought to do so and save the coal which they would otherwise burn for the less fortunate to whom wood is not accessible. Courage and energy can meet and successfully cope with any crisis, and if we cannot get coal the coal barons cannot prevent us from using wood. On a previous occasion, when a coal famine was imminent, certain land owners near Memphis offered free of charge wood from their forests to anyone who chose to come in and cut it and haul it away. In case of famine this winter no doubt the same generous offers will be made. Some of the big trucks in use on hard-surfaced roads can haul enough cord wood at one load to furnish even a big house with fuel for a long time. The waste from the lumber mills will also help out. Formerly this was given away, but no one will object to paying a good price for it if the worst comes to the worst.

Meantime, neither the coal operators nor the retailers should attempt to hog the consumer on rumors and fears of a coal shortage. This sort of profiteering should not be attempted and will not be tolerated.

DON'T BE ALARMED

There is no occasion for alarm over the sugar shortage. As soon as the price is high enough the gentlemen who have so effectively cornered the supply will place it on the market.

Profiting by the hysteria that occasionally grasps the people and sends them scurrying to the markets, these observant gentlemen have decided that by withholding their supply a while they can get any price they demand.

There was no shortage of sugar a year ago when this country was sending millions of pounds to France and England during the time that production was at its lowest ebb in these countries. There is much less occasion for a shortage now.

If the government will take an inventory of the supply on hand in the great warehouses two very salutary results will be accomplished: The public mind will be quieted and the price will be restored to normal.

There is no sugar shortage. We are merely in the midst of a clever game played by a few men who are using the retailer and the consumer for their pawns. Under government regulations, with conditions a good deal worse than they are now, the price of sugar was only about half the present price.

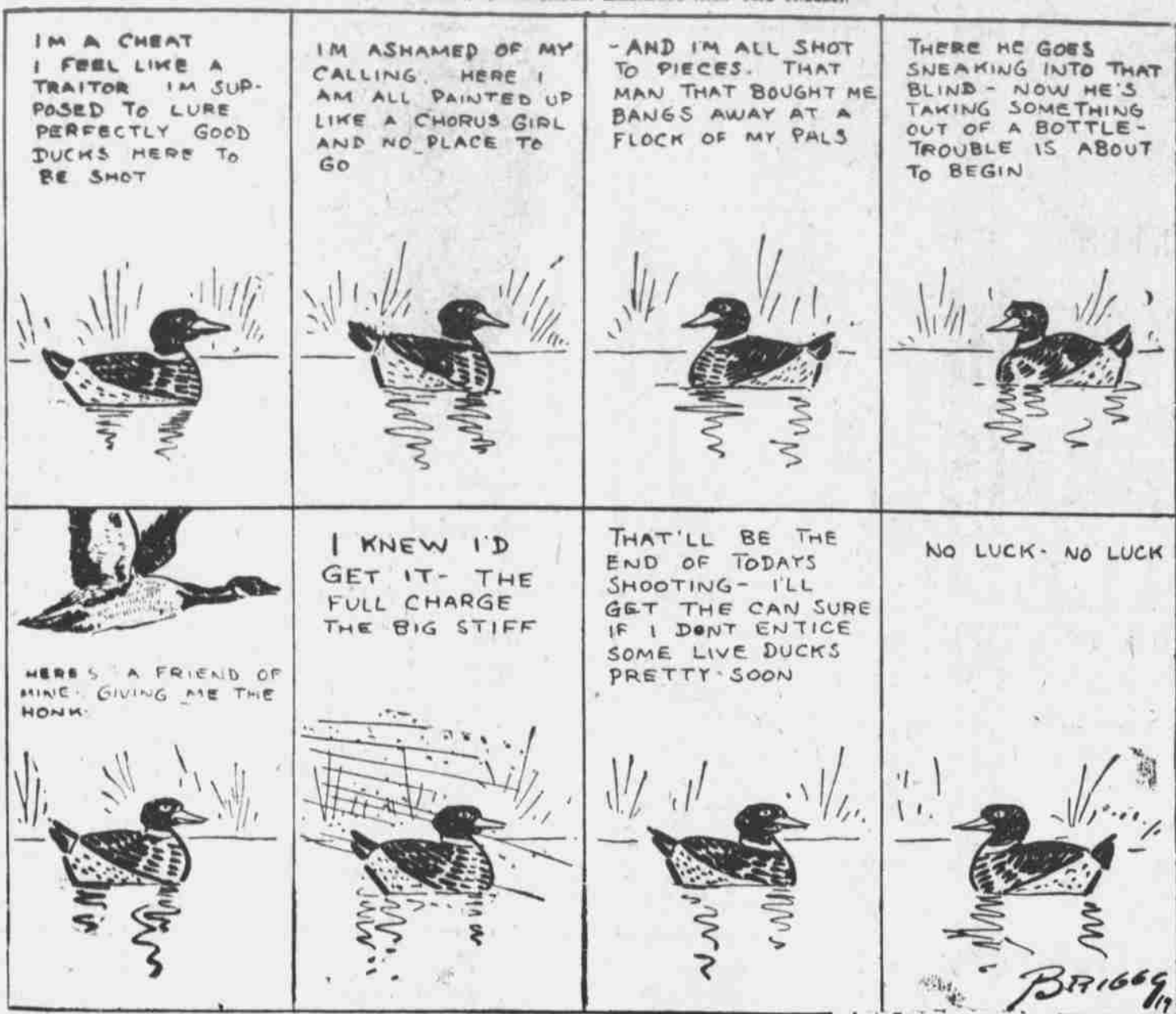
MONETARY CHANGES

Among the many radical things done by the war there was perhaps nothing so unexpected as the degradation of the British pound sterling.

For centuries the British pound has been the measure of value the world over. The money of other countries might fluctuate, but the British pound remained stationary, a standard, a pillar of its own height. The war struck it a severe blow, and at the present time it is worth 17 instead of 20 shillings. This must be humiliating to Englishmen and embarrassing to commerce, especially to world commerce. Uncle Sam's money is the best in the world. It is redeemable in gold, and we had the gold when the war came on. Europe sent us gold in payment for supplies, not by the dollar or thousand dollars, but by the hundredweight, and we have more gold than any other nation in the world. The French franc fell from normal, 19 2-3, to as low as 10 1/2 cents, but regained much of the loss later on. There is a good deal of delusion about gold. The world over money that is redeemable in gold is considered best, and safest, and yet gold is not as valuable to the human family as either iron or steel.

Wonder What a Decoy Thinks About—By Briggs

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Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

Growing old.

It is a phrase with an unpleasant sound to it. It presents all sorts of dreary pictures to the mind—decrepitude, illness, dependence, and a whole train of woes not agreeable to contemplate.

Then just as the subject seems most depressing, one meets a person old in years perhaps, but with a sort of vital, unquenchable youth in him that makes him seem much younger than many who are only half his age.

These people are like beacon lights on a stormy night. They have not set down in the chimney corner and resigned themselves to old age. They have lived reasonably and philosophically, and their minds are bright and fresh and elastic.

But nothing is more disheartening than contact with those who have let their minds grow old and hard and settled. Crabbled age. Some of the difficulties that arise in the association between it and youth are presented in the following letter:

"I am a young girl of 18. Unfortunately my parents died when I was small, and I have always been given to me by a kind old woman, my aunt. I did not and still do not know what advice ever since I can remember. Some of it I believed in, and a lot of it I didn't, and still do not."

"One of the things she constantly warns me against is the movies. I have disregarded her warnings, and go to them often. I can see no harm whatever in this amusement. I work during the day, and I must have something to take my mind off the routine of office, dishes and housework. I am not at present interested in any young man, and with the exception of a few girls know hardly anybody."

"This question of moving pictures has led to needless quarrels between my aunt and myself. She had never seen the pictures, and I had often tried to persuade her to go to them with me, but this only served to anger her."

"I had heard a great deal of a fine and elevating picture, and a girl friend told me that it would be certain to win over my aunt if she could only be induced to see it. So I used all my persuasive powers in urging her to accompany me to it, and at last she consented."

"The picture is wonderful, but there are a few scenes that are laid in the slums of a great city. When we came out of the theater I was surprised and shocked to be severely reprimanded by my aunt for taking her to such a place and going there myself. She said that the show was morally indecent, and had forbidden me to go to the pictures again."

"Please, Mrs. Woodrow, will you tell me if she is right in saying that the pictures are detrimental to the morals of a young person?"

"I feel very sorry for 'Aunt.' She is evidently suffering from the hardening of her human sympathies. She has reached that dreadful age where she has forgotten what it was to be young, and that awful state of piety where she considers everything that amuses and entertains as immoral. She has forgotten that it is natural and healthy for youth to dance and sing and laugh and play. A good many people—more and more all the time—are keeping up their diversion at any age, and these are the

ones who feel young and look young irrespective of their years.

If you sat quietly in a room talking to some girl friend your aunt would regard you with approval, and yet your conversation might be full of envy, malice and all uncharitableness. It might, indeed, be considerably more detrimental to your moral nature than an occasional evening at the movies.

Why do you go to the pictures? Why does anyone enjoy books and plays and music and paintings and beautiful scenes and objects?

Because these things take us out of ourselves. They make us forget the routine of life, its ugliness and dullness. They stimulate our imaginations, and so delight our souls and enrich our lives. They are an necessary to the spirit as food is necessary to the body.

You go to the pictures because they make you forget office routine, dishwashing and household tasks. These things must be attended to, but they will be done much more easily and rapidly with a light heart than with a heavy one. We all need some inspiration.

You sit there in your chair in the theater, and the screen tells you stories. It informs you of the most important events that are taking place in the world. It transports you to foreign countries, and shows you lovely landscapes and glimpses of the daily life and manners and customs of other people.

Perhaps, if you do not argue and quarrel with your aunt, but are more tactful to her prejudices and show her gratitude for her care and kindness to you, you may induce her to step back from the road to yesterday, and join you on the road to tomorrow.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.
Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

We have need not only to watch, but to keep up a strong habit of self-control. How it is that every act we do leaves upon us its impression, we know not; but the scars and the seams of our bodily frame may warn us of the havoc sin makes in our unseen nature. The current of our thoughts, the wandering of our imaginations, the tumult of our passions, the flashes of our temper, all the movements and energies of our moral being, leave some mark, either some springing grace, strengthen some struggling fault, decide some doubtful bias, aggravate some growing proneness, and always leave us other and worse than we were before. This is ever going on. By its own continual acting, our fearful and wonderful inward nature is perpetually fixing its own character. It has a power of self-determination, which, to those who give over watching and self-control, becomes soon unconscious, and at last involuntary.—Cardinal Manning, Dayton, Ohio.



On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

Doctors in the Bronx threaten to go on strike, which will probably deprive a good many people of the luxury of being sick and staying home from work.

John Shell, of Lexington, Ky., has just celebrated his 131st birthday. He is probably the only man in this country who can remember when the butchers gave liver away.

GOOD TO THE CHILDREN, ANYWAY. Mr. Dock Owen, our efficient bucket lander at the McPherson shaft, is indeed a very generous-hearted fellow. He supplies all the children with good tobacco.—Ducktown (Tenn.) Gazette.

A LITTLE SLICE OF LIFE. A friend of ours named Joe Flynn "Which one?" we asked. Rushed in all out of breath. And gasped: "I believe I have lost my pocketbook."

"Why not?" we queried. "Well, I've been frisked." He was very much excited. And we tried to quiet him. "Have you searched?" "All your pockets?" we asked. "I have gone through every one. Eight or ten times—except one."

"You ought to spank that kid," said our neighbor to his wife. "He has been cutting up all during dinner." The wife replied: "I'll not spank that boy on a full stomach." "Well," snapped the husband, "turn him over."

"Here is a wonderful husband," writes Frank Henry. "It is easy to see he is her first." The following extract from a new story is enclosed: "We needed a hook immediately for our screen door. My husband took a sardine can key and shaped it into a hook by cutting half of the oval handle off and bending the straight piece to a curve and catching into the screw eye."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. Some folks shake their heads at the fashions. And view scant dresses with equals. They don't disturb me at my rations. Or keep me from my meals.

I scorn with such problems to grapple; Things might have been worse by some miles; If Eve hadn't eaten that apple, I shudder to think of the styles. —W. S. A.

SIGNS OF APPROACHING AUTUMN IN THE CITY. Women laying aside their furs. Pyramids of torpid derbies and fedoras in the hat surgeon's window. And view scant dresses with equals.

"Hot chocolate" labels obstructing the view of electric flatiron and black-faced Ingersolls in drug store windows.

The chestnut roaster's wobbly whistle at the corner, trying to tell you that the worms are done.—A. Alexander Thomas.

Ye Editor Nods

Jolts and Jest
Skipped Past
The Blue Pencil

POOR KIDS. We are convinced that it is a blessing the babies can not read. Otherwise, after reading the physic ads in the morning paper, the cute little cusses would hesitate to disclose a tummy ache.

WOW! Every man to his choice. However, to that aviator who carried his bride away in an airplane, we wish to say that it is not the last time she'll have him up in the air.

TOUGH ON 'EM. Although Ohio votes for prohibition Tuesday, we can not imagine that pert paragon, Bob Ryder, or lolling Luke McLuke, tramping over anyone to cast a vote on the dry side.

INEVITABLE. Which reminds us that Memphis is not alone in her election agony. Five states are to vote Tuesday for new governors, and everyone who reads the papers knows that both sides are sure of winning.

DON'T FORGET. All you need is a heart and a dollar to join the Red Cross this week.

BOUND TO COME. Now that reports record the surrender of the last of the Zapata forces, it is about time for some enterprising correspondent to capture Villa again?

TIME TO MOURN. Many a local red-nose will lament to read that 200 cases of whisky sailed right past Memphis without stopping to say "Here's how."

NEWS NOT PRINTED. Although it is not in today's papers, our enterprising young men might write "The telephone service continued Tuesday with unabated fury."

UNNECESSARY. Our guess is that some of the Helena negro rioters now on trial are wondering why the white men put the additional letters "ena" on the name of the city.

WHY, GEORGE! Prof. George Macon, speaking at a Williams rally at Chelsea and the Brick Church Monday night, told a story of a farmer who was borrowing money from another agriculturist. He thought he was paying 6 per cent, but one day discovered that it was 2 per cent instead. He went to the lender to remonstrate.

"What will the good Lord say when he learns brother that you have charged me 9 per cent?" queried the troubled one.

"When he looks down on it, it'll look like a figure 6 from above," chuckled the grasping one.

YESSIR! Well, any man with as much whisky stored as Sheriff Perry has, should be able to control the ballot box cheaters.

THEY DO IT. A woman may declare another woman is a cat, but she can't purr over her someone, just the same.

NOV. 10 DATE FIXED FOR PLEBISCITE MEET

PARIS, Nov. 4.—Nov. 10 has been fixed by the supreme council as the date when the plebiscite commission created under the German peace treaty shall meet in Paris to discuss the election of a new government.

The United States will not be represented even unofficially at this meeting.

Holland has been advised by the council that it adheres to the decision previously reached not to recognize the Dutch ownership of German ships purchased by Holland after the opening of the war.

PRODUCERS PLEDGED TO FIGHT HIGH COSTS

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Executive officers of the National Food Producers and Egg association, representing more than 1,200 produce dealers throughout the East and Middle West today, were pledged to help lower prices to the consumer. Elimination of the vast waste of breaking and "ripening" was stated at the meeting held last night, which would enable the wholesale men materially to reduce prices.

Standardization of shipping methods and mechanics also will permit dealers to cut down their overhead loss by deterioration and reduce the cost to the consumer.

EMBARGO PLACED ON ALL FOOD BUT SUGAR

SAN JUAN, P. R., Nov. 4.—Governor Yager has placed an embargo on all food shipments from Porto Rico with the exception of sugar. The measure was taken to conserve the diminishing food supply caused by the tieup at the New York docks on account of the strike.

Former Food Commissioner Lee was named yesterday as "fair price" commissioner.

MOVING PICTURES.

PRINCESS

Today Only
More Fun Than a Circus!

BRYANT WASHBURN

—IN—
"PUTTING IT OVER"

and
CHARLIE CHAPLIN

—IN—
THE FLOOR WALKER

Wednesday and Thursday
MAE MURRAY

—IN—
"THE TWIN PAWNS"

—IN—
SAVOY

Today Only
TOM MOORE

—IN—
"One of the Finest"

As the traffic cop in this modern society picture, Moore told a society girl where to head in and strange and unusual things followed.

Strasbourg Extends Hearty Greeting To Aged Premier

STRAZBOURG, Nov. 4.—This city, the capital of reclaimed Alsace, extended a warm greeting this morning to Premier Clemenceau, who came here to deliver a speech intended, it is understood, to set forth the program of the government party in the parliamentary elections campaign. The premier, who reached the city at 9 a. m., was met by Alexandre Millerand, the governor of Alsace, and other notables, and was cheered by thousands of the populace as he passed before the guard drawn up in his honor. A picturesque feature was furnished by Alsatian girls in national costumes tossing flowers as the premier went by.

"This is one of the greatest days of my life," the premier exclaimed. "It was worth living for. Now I know I have not lived in vain."

Brushing aside M. Millerand and others near him, the 75-year-old premier made his way to the balcony of the Alsatian girls who had broken through the cordon formed by the police who were not too insistent in keeping them back.

Pretty girls virtually mobbed the "grand old man" of France, who gave every appearance of enjoying the experience immensely. The girls and women welcomed him in the Alsatian dialect, which the premier does not understand, but their resounding kisses on his weatherbeaten cheeks needed no interpreter.

LABOR VICTORY BIG.

LONDON, Nov. 4. (Via Ottawa)—Further reports on the results of the municipal elections held throughout the country yesterday, emphasize the completeness of the labor victory. In the Poplar district of London the labor party captured 39 seats out of 42. Nine labor candidates were elected in Chelsea. Even in fashionable Kensington six laborites were returned.

THEATERS.

OWEN'S LYCEUM

CONTINUOUS 1 TO 11 P.M.

5—Musical
MacLaren's—5
Original Scotch Revue

4—Royal Four—4
Harmonious Rural Novelty

3—Other Big Acts—3
—and—
FRANK KEENAN
In "Gates of Brass"

Thirty-six Hundred Seconds of Tense Interest

Loew's News Events, Showing
Roosevelt Memorial Exercises
New York City

Mats. 10c-15c. Nights 10c-20c-30c.

LYRIC

Last 2 Times
Cosmo Hamilton's
"Scandal"

with
EMMA BUNTING

PRICES: Night, 50c to \$2.
Matinee, 25c to \$1.50.

Wednesday Night Only
ADELAIDE THURSTON

In the Love and
Mystery Play
WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00,
\$1.50
Seats Now Selling

Orpheum

THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

Phones 939
Today, 2:15—Tonight, 8:15.

Florence Roberts & Co.
In "The Woman Intervener."

Sylvia Jason & William Haig
In "The Book of Vaudeville."

THE GREAT LESTER
BURNS & FABRITO

AVEY & O'NEIL

NEXT WEEK
MME. OLGA PETROVA

The Distinguished Star Herself
In a Symphony of Beauty, Color
and Song.

LYRIC

Fri-Sat. Merry Sat. Matinee.
HENRY W. SAVAGES MADCAP STAR

MITZI

HEAD IN OVER HEELS

SEASON'S GAYEST MUSIC PLAY
WITH THE MUCH TALKED ABOUT CAST
AND GROUPS OF GLORIOUS GIRLS

Evenings 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45.
Special priced Sat. Mat. 50c to \$2.
No phone orders can be accepted
BUT SEAT WEDNESDAY

NEW LYRIC
Monday, Nov. 10, 8:15 p.m.
Cortese Bros. Present
Charles Hackett

THE AMERICAN TENOR,
—and—
Frances Alda
METROPOLITAN OPERA SOPRANO.

Single seat sale starts Thursday
starting at O. K. Houck
Piano Co.